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Watson's Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1867.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE.

NOTICE.—The Publication Office of the ART-JOURNAL, will be, after this date, in Clinton Hall Building, Astor Place, next door to the Savings Bank, where subscriptions and advertisements will be received.

Editorial Rooms, 806 Broadway.

Advertisements for the current week, must be sent in before noon on Friday.

MUSICAL AGENCY.—Frequent applications are made to us, for musicians in the various branches of the profession, Opera, Concerts, the Church, Teaching, &c. Parties who desire to be entered upon our register, can do so by applying at our business office, Clinton Buildings, Astor Place.

The all-absorbing excitement at present agitating the city, is the anticipated coming of Charles Dickens. The great controller of the minds and morals of New York, the New York Herald, has generously thrown its "mysterious influence" into the scale in favor of the world-renowned author. Its articles are apparently opposed to his interests; they are abusive, sneering, mean and contemptible, but they are in fact intended to serve the cause, for the large-hearted editor of that journal knows full well, that the celebrated mysterious influence of the Herald, consists simply in the facts that whatever it advocates the public knows to be wrong, and that what it condemns, the public knows to be right, and moreover the public knows that in either case its advocacy is utterly insincere.

The result in the case of Charles Dickens, was that on yesterday morning, Friday, the opening day of the sale of tickets for the Dickens' Readings, a dense crowd surrounded the office, the line of purchasers extending a block, the struggle for position being severe and determined. A party gained a middle position by paying the possessor five dollars and a drink, while another party got farther ahead by paying the handsome premium of ten dollars. By this it will be clearly seen that the desire to see and hear Mr. Dickens is in the public heart, and is far beyond the power of any writer in any journal to affect for good or for evil.

Mr. Dickens' Readings will commence on Monday, December 9th.

To-morrow evening, Sunday, will witness the debut of Miss Jenny Busk, a young American lady, who after studying assiduously eight years, returns to her native country to receive its verdict upon the results of

her labors. Miss Jenny Busk has submitted to the tribunals of European cities, and has come forth from the ordeals with a bright and enviable reputation. We have seen the criticisms in French, German and English journals, and have found the opinions to be unanimous, awarding her the gift of a beautiful and extensive voice, and the merits of a fine education combined with an artistic warmth of spirit which gives to her acquirements worth and vitality. We do not base our opinions, in advance of hearing her, upon these foreign judgments, unanimous as they are, but we state the fact in order to let the public know the true position which she has occupied abroad. This is simply due to her, and we hope that her performance to-morrow evening, will enable us to subscribe to the flattering testimonials which have resulted from her efforts, wherever she has appeared. We claim for our fair countrywoman the sympathy and consideration of our public, hoping that her name may be added to the bright list of artists which this land has produced.

The resumption of the operatic performances at the Academy of Music, has not been attended with the success which we hoped for. Gounod's new Opera, Romeo and Juliet, seems to attract the general public. It has rare excellences, which we shall discuss by and by, but the judgment abroad, for and against it, were so equally balanced, that a doubt as to its equalling "Faust," prevailed and caused a luke-warmness of feeling which is very contagious. Those who have not heard "Romeo," have cause to regret their apathy. Another cause of want of interest in this opera, was the doubt that Miss Hauck could do justice to the role of Juliet—so young an artist it was argued could hardly hope to grapple with so important and difficult a character. This doubt has in a great measure been confirmed, for the young lady, though she sings most of the music charmingly, and has a sweet fresh voice and pleasing appearance, is certainly neither the Juliet of Gounod or Shakspeare. The opera, however, is generally well done, and deserved a much better patronage than it received.

Madame Parepa-Rosa will appear at the matinee at the Academy of Music this morning, together with the inimitable Ronconi.

It is rumored that Carl Anschutz will soon resume the Classical Quartette Soirees, which were so popular at his Academy last season, and that probably Mr. I. B. Poznanski will again assume the first violin of the party, a position which won him so much honor last year, as the best quartette player in the country.

Apropos to Mr. Poznanski, will not Dr. Doremus, as President of the Philharmonic Society, do so much justice to American art

as to secure that gentleman's services at one of the admirable concerts of that Society? Mr. I. B. Poznanski is an artist in the truest sense of the word. Devoted to and enthusiastic in the art he has chosen, we know no truer or more talented exponent of its best and highest interests. As an executant he has but one equal in this country; his school is pure and true, and in that musical intelligence which gives color and vitality to the composer's thoughts, he is a true virtuoso. Besides, it is due to art that Henri Vieuxtemps, the greatest writer for the violin extant, should have a hearing at the Philharmonic Society through his favored and worthy pupil, I. B. Poznanski.

New Jersey is endeavoring to emancipate herself from the thralldom of New York, and to insure within herself amusements of a character which will do away with the necessity of crossing the Ferries at unseasonable hours. The first effort has been made by Mr. A. S. Caswell, organist of St. Peter's P. E. Church, who has inaugurated a series of subscription concerts, which we understand have been, so far, remarkably successful. The second concert was given on Tuesday evening last, at the Tabernacle, Jersey City, before a very large and fashionable audience, when the following artists assisted: Mrs. Julia A. Morris, Miss Freytay, Mr. Charles Lockwood, Mr. Frederick Steins, Mr. Dibble and Mr. J. N. Pattison.

Since we last heard her, Mrs. Julia A. Morris has made great progress in her art. Her voice, which is admirable in quality and sufficient in quantity, has been refined, and is now well under control, due we believe to the instruction of Signor Carlo Bassini, who is the most reliable master in the country. Mrs. Morris sang "In questo semplice" well; her execution was neat and fluent, and her intonation, true, and the general management of her voice was excellent. She made a marked success, and deservedly won an unanimous encore, to which she replied by singing in an arch and graceful manner the popular song, "Five o'clock in the Morning." She also sang Millard's clever song, "Waiting," with much feeling and dramatic effect. We congratulate Mrs. Morris upon her evident progress towards excellence.

Miss Freytay possesses a good voice, but she was too nervous, and the songs chosen for her were too pretentious for us to form any opinion as to her real abilities.

Mr. Charles Lockwood has a fine tenor voice, and sings tastefully and effectively. He understands the art of contrast, he manages his voice well, and he articulates very distinctly. He was very cordially received, and justly deserved the warm applause of the audience. On an encore he sang in a pleasant and tender manner, a very sweet song, the words of which and the music were by himself.

Mr. F. Steins, the prize baritone of the New York Liederkranz Society, sang in his usual hearty and effective manner. His voice has a glorious sonority, rich and beautiful in quality, and rolls through the room like a flood of oil. He sings with taste and feeling, and is so earnest in all he does, that he never fails to secure the sympathies of his audience.

We never heard Mr. J. N. Pattison as brilliantly, tastefully and effectively as on the present occasion. Always a student, he presents an example of a man determined to compel success. He is constantly adding to his acquirements, and the result of thought and practice is evident on each successive appearance. On this occasion he played on a Chickering grand piano of rare power and beauty, and it is probable that, inspired by its fine æsthetic qualities, he unconsciously, excelled himself. Certain it is, that he never before exhibited so prominently, the more delicate artistic traits. The most delicate shades of coloring seemed perfectly under his control, and his portamento, singing passages, were literally vocal in their sympathetic and tender rendering. He has great executive power and his touch is vigorous and delicate, both of which points his performance on this occasion exhibit to remarkable advantage. In his passages of power, particularly the double octave scales, every note, even in the lower register of the piano, came out clear, bright and distinct. He brought out tone, which is real power, and not confused noise; while in the shading of his brilliant fioretture, he obtained the most exquisite and pellucid pianissimo. The effect upon the audience was electrical and each performance was greeted with enthusiastic applause and undeniable encores. In response to one demand, he performed a delicious Ballade by Chopin, in a manner so thoughtful, so tender and so artistic that the audience was literally enchained; it was listened to in breathless silence, and the burst of applause which followed it was an evidence that even Chopin's music can be felt by a miscellaneous audience, when played in such a manner. Mr. Pattison seemed to feel that the instrument was in perfect rapport with all his thoughts and sentiments, and he dreamed, very eloquently, that deliciously dreamy and tender composition of Chopin. Mr. Pattison was very justly the lion of the evening, and certainly the most ambitious artist could hardly have desired a more enthusiastic ovation.

Mr. Caswell deserves well of all citizens of Jersey City: he has given them two really fine concerts, and his arrangements for the remaining three are on the same scale of excellence. He should be liberally sustained, and every aid should be given him to render such concerts a permanent institution.

Jersey, according to the Budget of Fun, "prays for its daily stranger," that she may make a profit by him, or, in other words, take him in. On this occasion, however, the stranger was taken in and received right royally, for after the concert a general invitation was given to the artists, and forthwith the land flowed with milk and honey. An hour or two or three passed very pleasantly, sped on by much brilliant conversation and flashes of wit, in which Mr. B. G. shone out in the most agreeable social colors, and the strangers left Jersey in the full belief that the legend we have quoted, was, like many similar legends, not only a shallow fabrication, but a base allegation.

MUSICAL AND OTHER GOSSIP.

The opera at St. Petersburg is in the full tide of success. The company is the strongest ever gathered in that city, and comprises the names of Lucca, Trebelli, Galliti, Volpini, Giovannoni, Corbari, Tazliafico, Dall'Anese et Berini. Mario, Calzolari and Forucelli (premier tenors), Rossi and Pattrinieri (second tenors), Gassier and Graziani (baritones), Angelini (basso), Tazliafico and Fortunato (second basses), Zucchini (buffo), Vianesi (conductor of orchestra).

Great attentions are being paid to Hector Berlioz on his leaving Paris for St. Petersburg.

At the Theatre Varsovic, Mlle. Artol is making a great success in "Le Domino Noir."

Berlin is celebrating the 100th representation of "Faust." The newspapers say that the opera is much to the taste of the Berliners. We should think so, or they must be a dreadfully polite people to stand it.

Joachim is at Berlin, setting all the town wild with his exquisite playing.

At Vienna, they are doing the *Iphigénie en Zaïre*, of Gluck, with great success. The principal rôles were interpreted by Mmes. Dartmann, Barza, and MM. Walter, Beck and Draxler. Mr. Esseo was director, and the press commend him most elaborately for his skill.

The posthumous opera of Mozart, *L'Veu du Caire*, has been produced at the Carl Theatre, Vienna.

The theatre at Hombourg is without a director, and the public are calling loudly upon the administration to appoint one, and go on with the opera.

BRUNSWICK.—The overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Concert-Sinfonie for Piano, Litloff; and Pianoforte Solos, Chopin, Mendelssohn, (Herr Weigand); overture to *Der Vampyr*, Marschner; and Symphony in A minor, Mendelssohn, constituted the programme of the second Subscription Concert given by the Association for Concert Music.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

This year a new era has been inaugurated at the Academy in the shape of what the Council terms the fall and winter exhibitions; or, to use the words of the catalogue, they "will be held at the Academy, commencing each year early in November, and continuing until about the 1st of March, following. These exhibitions will in no wise change or interfere with the usual Annual Exhibitions."

We are then to consider the present exhibition as only auxiliary to the Annual, and not the Annual Exhibition.

This may in some small degree apologize for the meagreness of the show upon the walls in the present exhibition, but it cannot plead for the many shockingly bad pictures displayed, or for the shortcoming in numbers. In a few words, before we begin to individualize, we cannot help telling the simple truth, that the present exhibition is, without reservation, the very worst we have ever known opened by the Academy. To what especial causes to attribute this we cannot say, but are strongly inclined to believe that the wretched old fogey management of the Academy has at last driven artists to the conclusion that they will not exhibit. As a support for this theory we miss from the catalogue the names of eminent artists, as well as those of young rising men, who might have graced those walls with credit to themselves, as well as with aid to the exhibition.

We will take up the catalogue, and from the 231 pictures exhibited, pick out such as we wish to notice.

In the first numbers, from 13 to 24, are some pen-and-ink sketches by Mrs. Eliza Greatorex, deserving of notice. They show a skillful handling of a very unhandy art-tool, and that the artist would make a good etcher. No. 25 is a Summer Shower in the White Mountains, by R. S. Pattison, a picture, if we dare call it so, that is an insult to the public intelligence. How the hanging committee dare place such a daub, and others almost as bad, upon the line, is more than we can understand. From No. 36 to 43 is a series of crayon drawings by J. W. Ehringer, entitled "The Legend of St. Gwendoline," which, taken as a whole, are unequivocally bad; the drawing of many of the horses should be a warning to Mr. Ehringer that if he has not, in the many years he has been attempting it, reached something better in horseflesh, he had better cease handling that article.

No. 57 is a clever picture by Miss M. L. Wagner, called Memories of Fields and Woods, being simply the figure of a lady looking over some autumn leaves, but nicely handled.